

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Blitz Inc."

*[King Syze:]*

Yeah!

Blitz, Incorporated, nigga, we comin' to get y'all niggas  
Uh! Army of the Pharaohs  
Check it out, yo...  
Best believe, we roll up on your squad like a blitzkrieg  
Better get your man, or would you rather see him bleed?  
We here now, we ain't got time to wait  
Make no mistake, real niggas challenge their fate

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Yeah...yeah this is war, cousin; I cock the hammer and kill  
It's Vinnie Pazienza outta Hamburger Hill  
You ramblin' still? We scramblin' still  
If the beast doesn't get you, then the ambulance will  
So hand me your steel...I fire iron when  
I find a faggot caught in the spell of Leviathan  
I keep my eye on him...cause he a bastard  
Sever the head of the gator in Lake Placid

You motherfuckers is blind, you need glasses  
I seen how the game changed, I adapted  
I seen how your dame changed to my madness  
I seen how your brain maimed by my axes  
But you a fascist...and y'all thugs  
You as genuine as a mother-in-law's hug  
We the veterans that'll be sendin' y'all slugs  
But we gentlemen, so tell 'em it's all love

*[King Syze:]*

Yeah, yo...yo I'm demented, nigga; be prepared for what you facin'  
The mind of God and Satan combined with domination  
I'm the rawest, roughest, toughest thing you ever heard of  
In my studio session, blessin', MC's be gettin' murdered  
I'm one of a kind, puttin' one up in your fuckin' spine  
When I get to shine, believe it's through the grind  
Damn right, we cocky; I feel no one can rock with us  
I bless a mic religious on track, I'm spittin' ignorant  
Somethin' you've never heard, dynamic with every word  
Gigantic with every slur, most stagnant with every herb, yo  
But more polluted, this beat's therapeutic solution  
My distribution sentence rappers into execution  
Death row, Syze got the best flow  
Y'all lazy motherfuckers talkin' 'bout "Let's blow!"  
All of us; Q-D plus  
Yeah, we goin' right by you like an off-duty bus, nigga

*[King Syze:]*

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*[Esoteric:]*

Aiyyo my words murder sets, I'll blitzkrieg your league like a German vet  
Bull's eye, slash through your turtleneck  
And bones to pick, hit two hundred and six  
I'm runin' with cliques that'll hit you like a ton of bricks  
Straight put you in a ditch like a mob-related death  
I'll take it to your chest, make a mess of your flesh  
My paragraphs breed hate  
I was sent to Heaven, resurrected with a clean slate, now I sleep late  
Men in each state dead from this  
The Esoterrorist, a real motherfucker like Oedipus  
Your pathetictness is why...you motherfuckers touch the mic and die  
Guilty is the plea, King Syze the co-D  
They won't let us go free...Bloodthirsty killers  
Psychological thriller, beatin' my chest like gorillas  
We got the city on smash, y'all pity's just trash  
While you small-timers finishin' last

*[King Syze:]*

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